

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Words of Emerson.

[From the New York Sun.]

Sweet Emersonian days, when I might read
The words of wisdom of the Concord Sage,
And find an axiom fitting some great need
In lustre shining on each rich-wrought page.
Though now no more I seek the woodland stream,
And ponder o'er the philosophic pearls,
In trusty memory's chambers there still gleam
His brilliant lights of wisdom, and the whirls
Of life have not the friction and the jar
With which, in olden days, my ways were fraught,
For, however deep the gloom, like a bright star,
Making the denser darkness seem as naught,
The words of Emerson illumine my ways,
And fill with cheer the swiftly passing days.

ELIOT RYDER.

The Ire of The Melican Man.

BY H. SIMMS.

On my return last week from a pleasant visit with my parents and other friends, I was informed that my article on "Chinese Immigration," which appeared in these columns some time ago, and in which I spoke in favor of their immigration to this country, had been referred to in an article, entitled the "Chinese Must Go," written by Mr. T. A. Dailey of Goliad, Texas, saying that it was a plausible and well-written article, etc., for which I thank Mr. Dailey very kindly. When writing upon that subject, however, I did not expect that it would be read by anyone outside of my *Alma Mater*; much less did I imagine that it would draw a reply from one so talented and erudite as Mr. Dailey, A. M., M. S., evidently is. The question has been so ably and thoroughly discussed by others as to leave but little room for new argument. That "the greatest good to the greatest number must prevail" is not, generally speaking, correct. Neither will the Chinese go "at whatever cost." We acknowledge that each State has its rights; but

it is not expected that California will take upon herself the task of enforcing this broad statement of Mr. Dailey's. When the United States is spelled with a little u. s., we may look for the fulfilment of this terrible threat. That "this is a white man's Government, reared for them and their descendants," is in utter opposition to the right expressed in the 15th Amendment; nor is it confirmed by the present outlook of things. Neither do "we welcome the debased outcasts of Europe in preference to those of any other portion of the globe simply because they are white men." Crime, no matter where, or by what race, is always the same. We were surprised that Mr. Dailey had given utterance to such sentiments, and would wish that it were otherwise. Then he takes the wings of oratory and soars on high, piling figure upon figure, all to the effect that "the Chinese have an inordinate greed for gain." Admit it—but are we not all more or less afflicted with this same disease? "To accumulate wealth that we may enjoy old age at home," is the hope of nearly every one. He objects to the immorality of the Chinese and wishes to free this country from their licentious depravity. Why not commence in the very Eastern States—here he must admit that our "superior heritage and development of culture is the greatest"—and sweep everything before him Westward? But, instead of that, he sits and looks complacently on the immoral practices of a civilized race claiming to be Christians—and for that reason thrice damning—and howls about the rites of a healthier race.

That the Chinese are heathens, I admit. We are spending millions converting them. Mr. Dailey is the first person, to my knowledge, who says that they are uncivilized. Nor will history confirm the statement made by him: that when an inferior race is mixed with a superior one "the latter becomes necessarily degraded." If there are Americans found to be depraved by social contact with the Chinese, can we draw the conclusion that their lives were not tainted before? Judging by the number of saloons supported by San Francisco alone, we can estimate the condition of the working-men of California. Popular opinion is evidently against the Chinese; but is it right? There are two sides to every question,—there are two sides to this, and the action of Congress expressed in the late treaty with China will show in time which side is right.

In speaking of the slaves, he says that "they have made little progress save through miscegenation at the direct expense of the white race." Statistics will not confirm his statement. In conclusion, I will say even Dennis Kearney, the chief exponent of the labor element of California, now comes forward and admits "that the ratification of the late treaty will be opposed only by demagogues, blatherakites, pin-headed, tricky and contemptible

politicians, Chinese attorneys, corporation-howlers and ignorant bigots." Let Him who is without fault throw the first stone. It is evident, judging from the present outlook, that the Chinese *will* remain.

Reminiscences of My Alma Mater.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

The onerous and multifarious responsibilities falling to the lot of conscientious prefects in large collegiate institutions, are neither few nor far between, and consequently should enlist the warmest sympathies of both superiors and students. For the amusement, Mr. Editor, of your numerous students on the historic banks of the famous St. Joseph, once sanctified by the footsteps of the sainted Marquette, I will give them a brief account of some of our naughty, youthful frolics, showing how we managed to get a swim in forbidden waters to the great affright of our kind-hearted Prefect.

In the days of my boyhood, some thirty-five years ago, while travelling to my college home, I passed through Milwaukee and Chicago, which then consisted of numerous scattering mansions separated by corn-fields, melon-patches, and cabbage-gardens *ad infinitum*, wherein roamed *ad libitum* muskrats, woodchucks, prairie-wolves, fever and ague in all their pristine glory. Corduroy streets and planked side-walks were all the rage then in these now proud cities. The travel-worn tourist now visiting them is never heard accusing their denizens of being a non-progressive people, especially when he beholds the flower of their youth crowding the depots on their joyful way to my dear old *Alma Mater*, which is at present one of the prime universities of Uncle Sam's vast domain, wherein all the useful modern improvements known to science and art have been introduced for the especial comfort and enjoyment of our American youth.

Do we not see in our own day literal illustration of the parable of the mustard-seed "that has sprung up, become a great tree" in the rise and unexampled development of Chicago? There are men still living who saw it an Indian trading station, and the priest still lives who built the first little church, around which gathered a few scattering pioneers of the fold of Christ, in what is now called the great city of Chicago. Around that humble church thousands have gathered and prospered, and erected temples to the true Faith, grand, imposing, and magnificent. We see there to-day a church animated with strength, life, vigor, and vivifying love as is plainly manifested by works of noble charity. There do we see numerous schools where the lambs of the fold are assembled and taught the precepts and practices of their holy faith. There we behold spacious homes where the aged and infirm are fed, clothed and sheltered by self-denying, devoted Sisterhoods. It has also asylums for orphans and hospitals for the sick. All these wonderful works of faith and love, springing up so rapidly, plainly show forth the breathing of the spirit of God on the little grain of mustard-seed sown on that identical spot by the saintly and indomitable Father Marquette 200 years ago. The history of all this transpiring now under our own eyes will be read 100 years hence like some dream of the imagination found in fairy tales.

Our kind President allowed us to swim four times a week in a cool, picturesque lake, located within a gun-shot of our study-hall. This beautiful sheet of water lay embosomed in the primeval forest, amid towering pines and spreading oaks that braved the forked lightnings and fierce tornados of many ages; affording now a peaceful abode to innumerable choral songsters of the grove, whose melodious strains full oft did cheer our aching heads and drooping spirits, buoying us up for renewed efforts in the gallant race after literary fame. We were strictly forbidden to take our ablutions in a crystal stream running in tempting proximity to our college grounds, though oft invited by its smiling, sparkling waves as they paused in their onward march to Lake Michigan, turning into each green recess to lave our youthful feet as we sat angling on its flowery banks, beneath gray pines that stood in serried ranks. Youngsters generally imagine that fruit obtained clandestinely is much sweeter than what they got for the asking; hence the very fact of its being forbidden was quite sufficient to set all our cunning ones at work to devise some feasible plan for getting a good, square bath in the pellucid waters of that stream, without becoming amenable to the laws therefor made and provided, or incurring the pains and penalties thereof.

And it came to pass in those days that there dwelt in the land a young, hopeful student, a scion of the tribe of Dan (his father's name), who was comely and fair to look upon beyond any of his companions, and his name was—let us call him Sam, as he is still in this mundane sphere. Sam was blessed with the talents of a superior ardor, strongly tinged with a love of romance. The mischief-loving Samuel held several clandestine conclaves with eleven other kindred spirits, assigning to each his proper rôle in the scene about to be enacted.

'Twas in the lovely month of June this tragedy was played,
When we, let loose from grammar rules, took weekly promise;
Drawn by the wave that proudly bore Marquette's canoe, we're told,

Where now a seat of learning stands more famous than the old.

As we entered the balm-breathing glades of the majestic forest, old Sol, as if waking from his nocturnal slumbers, lifted his head from his golden couch, peeped out upon a cloudless sky, and beholding no obstruction to his conquering career, bounded on high to shed his refulgent rays o'er our dewy pathway. To myself and some others but lately arrived from the centre of Gotham, where we were born and raised, the terrestrial panorama lighted up from heaven by sweetest sunshine, seemed like getting a foretaste of the delights of paradise. Who amongst us could be so blind as not to perceive the indelible fingerprints of an all-wise and bounteous Creator in the grand and beautifying laws of nature surrounding us on all sides? We, young as we were, quickly perceived the hand of an all-powerful Creator in the fragrant hills and spangled meads over which we roamed; in the scenery that gladdened our eyes and thrilled our hearts by the atmosphere of antiquity, freshened and vivified, which it breathed; in the tiny wave of the babbling brook bursting gleefully in the sun; in the many-colored tints of the gaudy rainbow stretching its gigantic arms over ethereal space, like a beautiful strip of paradise. Almost everything was new to us, and had a magical charm of its own; for instance, the wild cataract, plunging with impetuous, headlong speed over nature's barriers; the ceaseless hum of myriad insects; the delight

ful warbling of the woodland choirs filling the elfin aisles with their harmonious strains; the impassioned, plaintive cooing of the wild-wood pigeon, pleading like some wounded human heart from the impenetrable glades of the hoary forest; the merry tinkling of the sheep bells wafted on the morning zephyrs, and the ominous, quick bark of the watchful shepherd-dog foreboding danger dire to his innocent flock from some voracious, wolfish glutton intent on tasting his fat mutton.

One of our young classmates, a shrewd, jocose Vermonter, seeing how deeply we were effected by the beauty and novelty of our surroundings, jumped to the sage conclusion that a favorable opportunity, too good to be lost, had presented itself of playing on our credulity and ignorance in general, of things pastoral. Seeing a pair of oxen quietly browsing in a silent glen, he asked me which of them did I think was the other one's mother. "The red one," said I; "for don't you see her horns are longer?" This was followed by a loud burst of laughter from the rural swains. "No, no," said another New Yorker: "the white one is the other one's mother; for don't you see she has a longer tail!" After these proofs of our skill in determining bovine genders, the roars of laughter knew no bounds; some leaned against the trees for support, while others rolled over and over on the ground. After enjoying themselves at our expense, who knew not the cause of such immoderate hilarity, our interlocutor, who was none other than the wily Samuel, the originator and chief actor in the coming tragedy, exclaimed: "Boys, I behold a wonderful contrast between this teeming, fertile land, flowing with milk, honey and blockheads, and our barren hills in Northern Vermont, where the soil is so hard and stony that we have to shoot our seed-wheat in to the ground with a rifle, and have to grind the sheep's noses twice a week to enable the poor creatures to pick the scanty herbage out of the crevices between the rocks."

Upon ascertaining how matters really stood, we felt somewhat nettled, but the wild, fragrant airs of the forest playing freshly over the current of our youthful spirits, soon caused us to forget all their ill-natured raillery. In fact, we soon found by experience that the atmosphere of the country, impregnated, as it was, with the very essence of salubrity, was a tonic, a life-giver, more potent than all the boasted resources of pharmacy, giving increased vitality at every breath.

Having at length arrived at the wished-for goal, Sam easily obtained permission to climb a leaning tree after a thrush's nest. Divesting himself of all but his linen pants and shirt, he sprang up the tree with the agility of a wild cat; but getting out on a weak limb, he gave an imploring scream, shouting: "Save me, save me, or I perish!" and with a loud splash plunged into the limpid waters beneath.

We stood appalled in broken ranks
Upon the river's flowery banks,
Made verdant by the racy tide
That into Mother Ocean hied.

"Oh save him, save him!" cried the affrighted Prefect, in blissful ignorance of the fact that Sam could swim like a duck. The wind of the word was enough to let us see the eleven pretended philanthropists all buffetting the cool, sparkling waves in eager pursuit of the fugitive Samuel, who could be seen complacently floating on his back adown the meandering stream.

Our affright reached the culminating point when, hav-

ing overtaken him, we saw them all disappear (dived) beneath the treacherous waves. We, poor innocent souls, not being versed in aquatic gymnastics, took it for granted that they were all gone to the bottom, never more to put in an appearance at our periodical exhibitions, or tickle our ribs with their quaint repartees and side-splitting jokes. Our anxiety for their safety was soon relieved by seeing them come to the surface again near the off-shore, where they succeeded in dragging the drowning (?) object of their tender solicitude to *terra firma*, after swimming to their hearts' content. Their sudden and uncouth appearance on shore caused no little commotion among a herd of cows and goats, led by a ferocious bull and a monstrous buck, coming to slake their thirst in the cool stream. Supposing them to be the vanguard of an army of alligators from the vasty deep in quest of fat calves and kids, they fled precipitately to a neighboring eminence, where they kept up such a bellowing and rattling of cow-bells as beggared all description.

The boys then held a council of war, the result of which was to stretch the drowned (?) man over a green hillock, head down and heels up, to let the water escape from his supposed corpse. Then one of them, a medical student, swam across, and in well-feigned, lachrymose accents, broken by lugubrious sobs, informed our grief-stricken Prefect that Sam was barely alive, and as cold as a defunct monkey; adding, amid his sobs, that unless they could get some *strong brandy* with which to rub his dormant cuticle, it was very doubtful if all the medical skill on this side of the equator could save his life. "We must try to retain the last vital spark at all hazards," said he, "since he is the only staff on which his aged parents can safely lean in passing over the rugged paths of the down-hill of life."

"Quick, quick, quick! take one of those horses yonder from the plow, and fly to the college infirmary for a bottle of their strongest brandy, and do not delay at the peril of your life," said the good Prefect. "Depend on me, sir; I'll fly so fast that if I fall I'll never wait to get up again," said the disciple of Esculapius. Having caused a great commotion in college circles and secured his brandy, he crossed over with the *needful*, which they soon imbibed among the bushes, giving double rations to the wily Samuel. They then stretched him on the sandy shore and rubbed him down well with the empty bottle, giving three rousing cheers at the conclusion of the operation to let us know the happy result. A boat having been procured, the anxious Prefect and several of the larger students crossed over with a mattress for the invalid.

The embryo doctor, seeing that his visitors were highly pleased with the happy turn affairs were taking, concluded to avail himself of the favorable opportunity to air his oratorical powers and medical acumen. Jumping on a low stump, he said: "Mr. Prefect and fellow-students: when cast away on this romantic shore, flowing with goat's milk, honey, and—(aside) brandy—we met a most hospitable reception from King Taurus, the brother of the sun, and his long-bearded prime minister, the Earl of Capricorn, who rule the land in these latitudes and parts adjacent. On hearing of our sudden arrival in their flowery dominions, they came with all their courtly retinue to welcome our wished-for advent, and congratulate us on our success in rescuing our dear companion from an untimely (and, I much fear, an unprovided) death beneath the cold waters of the deep where he would be doomed to feed the fish he baited off

before. They furthermore issued a proclamation ordering all the bells (cow-bells) to be rung as a further proof of their distinguished consideration."

"Why, why, Mr. Gasometer," said the Prefect, "you are grown quite enthusiastic over your bovine ovation; but please tell me did the brandy have the desired effect?"

Holding up the empty bottle, Doctor Pillbags eulogized the favorite beverage thus: "Gentlemen and fellow-citizens: all that have ears to hear let him hear. The health-giving medicine lately abstracted from this (now, alas! empty!) bottle is possessed of many rare, inestimable, and beneficent qualities. After penetrating the pores of his cuticle, or epidermus, it visited the remotest creeks, bays, and inlets of the arterial and venous systems, shedding its benign influence over them, and causing them to send forth tidal waves laden with life, health, and vigor to the surface of the *corpus homo*. It caused the blood nerves to act and convey more rapidly, and impart with greater facility their vivifying blessings to all the ramifications of his manly frame."

This grandiloquent peroration was followed by repeated bursts of applause, particularly from the new arrivals who now began to take in the real situation of affairs, but kept mum after getting a significant wink from Doctor Pillbags. During its delivery, the fox on the mattress had to cover his face with his handkerchief in order to conceal the ludicrous contortions of his otherwise handsome physiognomy; for, as he afterwards declared to the writer, he never encountered a more difficult task than to restrain his risibilities from playing the mischief with his ribs on that trying occasion. Suffice it to say in conclusion, that he was taken to the college infirmary in due time by his sorrowing classmates, where he was clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasted sumptuously every day for a whole week, "to recuperate his lost vigor and steady his shattered nervous system," as the good Prefect was often heard to say. The witty and talented Samuel, the hero of this story, has filled nearly every office in the gift of his fellow-citizens during the past thirty years, with credit to himself and his *Alma Mater*, as well as with great advantage to our glorious republic. The writer having lately called to see him at his palatial mansion on the Hudson, asked if he had yet quite recovered from the sad effects of his drowning. Passing me his cigar-case, while the well-remembered radiant smile of former days lit up his handsome countenance, he said: "My dear sir, those who are born to be hanged can never be drowned. We were a hard set of boys in those happy days of yore; and I, for one, deserved to be hanged and transported afterwards, for playing such a naughty trick on our good Prefect." He then handed me the following verses as an *amenda honorable* to his *Alma Mater*.

Sweet home of my boyhood, O long may the bloom
Of roses and myrtles thy bowers perfume;
May virtue and learning still hallow thy shrine
To cheer each professor and guardian of mine,
With whom by the brooklets when lessons were done
I've heard their soft murmurs at calm set of sun,
And traced their meand'ring rings o'er rich, verdant dales
As onward they bounded along the green vales.
Hail, sweet *Alma Mater*! in thy lovely vale
The nightingales warbled their notes on the gale,
As, musing the wisdom of sages, we strayed
Through bowers ambrosial to each classic shade;
Where laughter came wafted on zephyr's cool wing,
From vistas in woods where the favorite swing
Sent light-hearted boyhood so gleeful above
The balm-breathing trees in the young cedar groves.
No wonder, dear reader, while we winged the time
'Tween play, class, and study in that genial clime,
Our wandering footsteps forgot how to roam,
Or seek in Columbia a happier home.
Then, health to thy borders, though there I can't be,
To Fathers and Brothers I'll never more see;
In dreams I revisit thy classic old groves
Where genius in glory triumphantly roves.

—A negro who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbor's fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, non-plussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming: "Good heavens! dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray no more wifout bein' 'sturbed."

Art, Music and Literature.

—The new building of the Long Island Historical Society cost \$135,000.

—Patti dreads the voyage to America, and will probably cross during the warm weather.

—Mr. Lucien H. Southard, the well-known musician, died a few days ago in Augusta, Ga.

—Bottesini, the great master of the double bass, is composing an opera, "Caduta di un Angelo."

—Longfellow's "Spanish Student" forms the libretto of an opera now being composed in England.

—Mr. A. H. Bicknell, of Boston, is at work on a large historical painting of the battle of Lexington.

—Giacosa, the composer, has been promoted to the rank of Commander of the Order of the Italian Crown.

—Upwards of \$5,000 has already been subscribed for the Chicago Musical Festival, which takes place next June.

—Vienna has a new society for the performance of symphonic and choral works by composers unknown to fame.

—Mr. Carl Rosa has made an offer to Richard Wagner to come to the United States, and it is probable that he will accept.

—A new musical society has been organized in Scotland, of which the Duke of Buccleuch has been chosen President.

—Jauner, formerly manager of the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, has purchased the Theatre an der Wien for 500,000 florins.

—E. Molleuhaur's "Ode to the Passions," which has already been performed in Berlin, will be given in New York Easter Sunday.

—We always anxiously await the appearance of the *Musical Record*, and devour its interesting and instructive contents with pleasure.

—Patti received \$3,000 each for three performances at Nice. This is probably the largest sum one artist ever received for similar services.

—The new comic opera, "Billee Taylor," will receive its first representation in this country at the Standard Theatre, New York, on the 21st inst.

—The Poe memorial will consist of a life-size alto-relievo in bronze, and will be presented to the Metropolitan Museum, Central Park, N. Y.

—Lope de Vega wrote more than 300 dramatic pieces. So rapid was his composition that he sometimes completed a play in twenty-four hours.

—Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, lives in the house in Kensington where her father wrote "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond" and "Pendennis."

—The American Art Journal grows more interesting and popular with each successive number. Last week's issue contained a fine portrait, Mauricio Dengremont, the famous boy violinist.

—On Feb. 25th there will be produced in London a three-act play, called "Entanglements," by Mr. Ernest Benedict, the son of Sir Julius Benedict, in which Mrs. Benedict, the author's wife, will be the heroine.

—Thomas Carlyle, the well-known English author, died at his home on Saturday, February the 5th. In religious belief he was, we believe, an advanced follower of the German Transcendental School of Kant and Fiché.

—Preparations for the Musical Festival, which will be given during the first week of May, in the new armory of the Seventh Regiment, New York, under the leadership of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, are going on most actively.

—Verdi says that he cannot understand why Italians should copy German music—which is not so soft as the Italian climate—while, at the same time, he admits that no Italian could write a symphony like one of Beethoven.

—Friedrich Haase has made arrangements to go on a *tournee* through America. The performances, under the management of the impresario Adolf Neuendorff, will begin the 16th of October, and comprise 112 nights, ending the 1st of May, 1882.

—Of all the nations living under the sceptre of the Czar, the Jews are the best educated. The proportion of Jews in Russia is one Jew to every twenty Russians, while in the colleges the proportion of students is one Jew scholar to every six Russians.

—Congress has another chance to build a monument. The San Domingo minister of foreign affairs is petitioning this country to join with Austria, Spain, and Italy to build a monument on the spot where they claimed to find the discoverer's bones, three years ago.

—The inedited manuscripts by da Vinci, twelve in number, written in reverse, as was customary with the painter, which have long been among the treasures of the library of the French Institute, are being published in facsimile with their accompanying sketches and illustrative drawings and diagrams.

—Mr. Frederick A. Bridgman is about to hold an exhibition of his pictures and studies. It is little to say that this artist has deservedly become famous, and that the display of 296 of his works will probably be famous also. His title to the rank of an able painter and an artist is already recognized in his own land and in other lands. Mr. Bridgman was born in Alabama in 1847.

—Not long ago thunder was imitated in French theatres by a barrow with polygonal wheels dragged along the corridors in the flies. At present the imitation is much more perfect. The distant roll is produced by shaking a large sheet of iron, while a man holds suspended by a pulley a string of iron rings and cask staves which are shaken at times and then dropped on the floor for the great thunder claps. Prof. Lyons, please take notice.

—During the performance of the "Masque of Pandora," at the Boston Theatre, a down-town gentleman gave one of his colored help a ticket to see the play, remarking that he should like to know how he liked it. The next day our colored friend reported that he "liked de play *very* much, and Mr. Longfellow was a very nice bass singer; but," he added, "I don't like dose kind of plays where de talking is all done by singing." A fact!—*Musical Record*.

—There are nearly four hundred thousand volumes in the Congressional library, which, by reason of the copyright act and international exchanges, is destined to grow to gigantic proportions. The librarian predicts for it unreachable preëminence, this, among others, being his reason: That the United States is the richest nation on the globe, and the most populous, excepting China, and is the most ambitious to become the most learned. The librarian is eager that a separate building shall be constructed for the use of this library, and, despite the quarrels concerning location, this will undoubtedly be done. Mr. Spofford, the librarian, is enthusiastic in his praise of Senator Voorhees for his activity in promoting the usefulness of the library.

Scientific Notes.

—At the session of the interoceanic canal committee of the House, Representative Frye urged the ship railway project of Captain Eads as the most feasible scheme under consideration.

—The university board of regents has elected Prof. E. S. Holden, late of the Naval Observatory at Washington, conductor of the Washburne Observatory and professor of astronomy at the State university.

—An ingenious Frenchman has invented a machine which makes real lace. It is said to be as great an invention in its way as the Jacquard loom. One machine can do the work of several hundred lace-makers.

—The Roman Academy of Sciences has awarded half of the King Humbert prize, now awarded for the first time, to the German astronomer, Dr. Wilhelm Tempel, director of the Ascetri Observatory at Florence, for his observations on nebular phenomena.

—Mr. Heinrich Trenk, of Berlin, Germany, has patented a composition for use in tanning, consisting of a concentrated solution of crude tartar or argol, to which a small quantity of chloride of zinc or analogous chloride has been

added. This composition is used after the hides or skins have been treated by the tanning liquor, and its action is to make the finished leather more dense and compact.

—A writer in *Nature* confirms Mr. Ober's statement in his "Camps in the Caribbees" as to the singular habit of the gnat beetle, *Dynastes hercules*, which seizes hold of a branch of a tree and whirls around by its wings until the limb is severed. Mr. Ernst, of Caracas, says the beetle wants to get at the abundant juice of the young branches. He adds that the *Golofa porteri*, an allied insect of the same family, behaves in a similar way, but chooses, of course, thinner branches.

—A curious and novel voltaic cell has been devised by Herr Wöhler, the chief peculiarity of which is that both plates are of the same metal—aluminum—and a tolerably strong current is supplied. The cell consists of a glass vessel six inches high, filled with very dilute hydrochloric acid, or caustic soda, and containing an inner porous pot filled with concentrated nitric acid. In each compartment is placed a cylinder of aluminum provided with a projecting lug which passes through the cover of the vessel, and acts as a contact piece for the electrodes or conducting wires. As soon as the aluminum cylinders are plunged into the acids, a current is given off sufficiently powerful to heat a platinum red hot wire.

—One of the ablest London chemists has recently made an earnest protest against unpronounceable terms, and his remarks are earnestly indorsed by one of the professional journals. The Chemical Society of London has been publishing certain abstracts of papers from Berlin, in which are to be found the terms that seem at length to have brought home a conviction that really the line must be drawn somewhere. "Homofluorescin" is not a bad term to start with. It is a new coloring to matter, and it is interesting to learn that when a solution of hexanitromonoxymonofluorescin-nitrate in boiling ammonia is acidified with acetic acid, diammoniumpentanitrodiazomidomonoxyhomofluorescin is deposited in red, or yellow, or crystalline plates. This, it will be observed, is another name derived from fluorescin.

—A few days ago a schooner sailed from Bristol, R. I., laden with a small river steamer, a steam launch, and an outfit of mining machinery, for working the auriferous bed of the Atrato River, South America. It is well known from the careful surveys made of the Atrato, in the interests of the proposed ship canal by that route, that the river sands in many places are rich in gold and platinum, and it is the purpose of the company which has sent out this expedition to work the river bed by a system of subaqueous hydraulic mining. In this way gold-bearing sand and gravel, at depths too great to be reached in the ordinary way, will be sucked up by steam machinery and the precious metal separated by washing. The machinery, devised by Mr. Samuel S. Webber, was built by the Herreshoffs at Bristol. The expedition appears to be well organized and capably officered. If it succeeds, the venture is likely to be followed by similar assaults on other gold-bearing river beds whose wealth has been out of reach hitherto. The Atrato is the most westerly river which flows northward in South America. It drains a long reach of auriferous country and empties into the Gulf of Darien.

Exchanges.

—The *Virginia University Magazine* starts out with an entire fresh corps of editors on the January number, and the least that can be said for them is that they do their work well. The literary department attains at once a high degree of excellence as the work of undergraduates. A well-written sketch of Richardson, the "Father of the English Novel," is the leading essay; then comes a poem on "Foam Pictures"; a sketch of Oliver Goldsmith; "Disillusion" (poetry); a sketch of Belisarius; "Life" (poetry); "Thoughts Without Thought"—a prose essay; "A Monody" (poetry). Collegiana and the Editor's Table are well-filled departments.

—The *Watertown (Wis.) Gazette* copies our remarks on the good example given by *The Brunonian* and *The Vassar*

Miscellany in crediting items copied from other papers. *The Gazette* editor says the press has fearfully degenerated in honesty within the past years. Ten years ago, he says, every news item, even a line, would be credited; now, it seems the height of ambition with journalists to see how much they can "steal"—that's the word he uses. We are glad to find in the same number of the *Gazette* a very flattering (can one use the word "flattering" when the praise is deserved? we believe it has got to be the custom) notice of a new friend of ours, *The Sunbeam*, from Whitby Ontario.

—*The Sunbeam* thinks it strange that the *SCHOLASTIC* should have made reference to the "shackles of a despotic Government" when the Christmas bells rang good will to all. Ah yes, good will to all, or rather "peace on earth to men of good will," but at that moment the despots of Europe—of Russia, Germany, and England, for instance—stood in the way of the fruition of the promise for many. A few weeks ago we were told by the Rev. Myron W. Reid, a noble-hearted Presbyterian clergyman of Indianapolis, this State, who had made a tour in Europe, that when a man is put under torture in Russia the surgeon stands by and feels his pulse,—it will not do to let him slip out of his agony into the peace of death; and that the same English paper that tells of people dying of starvation in Ireland, and of Irish women working *sixteen hours* a day, carrying turf, for *sixteen cents*, contains the request of the Prince of Wales for an increase of \$200,000 a year to his salary, which already reaches the snug sum of £70,000 a year, or \$350,000. This is not enough: he wants \$550,000! Truly, one half the world knows not how the other half lives.

—"Greek Philosophy Preparing the Way for Christianity" is the title of a scholarly and elaborate essay in the last issue of *The Williams Athenæum*. The writer skillfully traces the Theism of Plato to the Atomic Philosophy traceable, in the systems of the most eminent philosophers from Pythagoras to Aristotle. The writer might have also remarked the singularity of the fact that the same Atomic Philosophy is now coming to the surface in the writings of skeptics who imagine they have discovered something new in it to supplant Christianity. Whether they borrow their ideas of the genesis of matter from Lucretius's "De Rerum Natura" or not, is a matter of no consequence, but in any event the old pagan philosophers were not a whit behind our would-be philosophers of the Darwin and Haeckel kind. Naturalists we concede the latter to be; but philosophers,—no; their so-called philosophy is nothing more than very thin casuistry, and does not possess even the doubtful merit of originality. The article in the *Athenæum* is the best of the kind we have yet seen in a college paper. Ephraim the Warrior has been making a Western tour in the interest of his paper, among the *Athenæum's* exchanges, and pays the *SCHOLASTIC* a compliment. We give it for the benefit of those friends at a distance who support the *SCHOLASTIC* and who have not an opportunity to see its exchanges:

"On his homeward way Ephraim interviews the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. The *SCHOLASTIC* in its literary columns is more mature, more finished, and sometimes more heavy than the rest of the college press. Its poetry is uniformly excellent. We clip a sonnet. [Here is given Eliot Ryder's "The Prairie Sunset."] The art and scientific notes may be interesting to Notre Dame men, but could hardly find a place in an Eastern paper. The exchange department is always large and well written. In a long editorial, the *SCHOLASTIC* pleads the case of the Jews in Germany, and very ably, too. The effect of the *SCHOLASTIC* is seriously marred by poor type and careless printing."

—We are glad to learn that that very popular illustrated periodical *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* is meeting with great success. In the issue for Feb. the 5th it is stated that 32,000 copies of the paper were printed. It will be remembered that Col. McGee had to suspend publication for a while last year, on account of "crooked" conduct on the part of some of his agents, and the heavy bill of arrears due the paper by subscribers. The "Gallery of the Sovereign Pontiffs" now forms a prominent feature in the illustrations of the *Weekly*. But the chief object of the editor is to make the *Illustrated Weekly* a mirror of the times, and the main part of the illustrations are intended to carry out this intention. The club rates have been re-

duced, so that two annual subscribers can now obtain the *Illustrated Weekly* for five dollars, and five annual subscribers for ten dollars. The office of publication is at 12 Vesey street, New York.

—Our old friend the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC turns up regularly once a week. The students of Notre Dame must be either very prolific writers or they obtain great help from the faculty and outsiders, because the publishing of a paper the size of the *SCHOLASTIC* every week would certainly be an impossibility in most institutions unless by professional journalists, and it is not to be supposed that Notre Dame students have more time than others. The essays are as a rule of a high character, containing a good deal of information as well as fair criticism. The notes on science, art, etc., though not giving us much new information, are interesting, and well put together. One feature of the *SCHOLASTIC*, and which we noticed before the Toronto *Varsity* called attention to it, is objectionable; that is the medium which the Faculty make of it to uphold their authority and to commend and rebuke the students. The tone of the local news is too prefectorial. The Roll of Honor, mentioning the names of "Students who, by their exemplary conduct have given universal satisfaction to all members of the Faculty," is out of place in a college paper. The following article would lead one to believe that Notre Dame was nothing more than a school and that the article was written by one of the Faculty:

"Master Fred Farrelly, Minim department, is a very young boy, but he already possesses one of those qualities found in men of worth—honesty. He found a purse containing a sum of money, last Sunday afternoon, and very promptly placed it in possession of the proper authority. Qualities like these, when observed in a boy so young, augur well for the man, for we know that the boy is father to the man."

While we can't commend the impudent manner in which the *Varsity* called attention to this feature, we agree in deprecating it. The *Varsity* and *SCHOLASTIC* have sworn an eternal feud and never lose a chance of harassing each other. When the *Varsity* had but reached the third week of its existence it strutted up like a young game cock to the grave and reverend *SCHOLASTIC* and made some very vicious pecks at it, and ever since that time the papers are 'at it.' Here is the *SCHOLASTIC* for last week," etc.—*Queen's College Journal*.

The publishing such a paper as the *SCHOLASTIC*, every week, at Notre Dame, would "certainly be an impossibility" if the *very few* who labor for it were to emulate the conduct of the *many*, the Faculty included, who let it severely alone, and do nothing for it unless to find fault with it when something does not exactly suit their views. On the other hand, if it is made a medium to uphold the authority of the Faculty and to commend and rebuke the students, it is done by the editors and not by the Faculty. We regret to say that the editors of the *SCHOLASTIC* do not "obtain great help from the Faculty and outsiders." We wish it was so, but truth and justice compel us to say that it isn't. The trustees at Notre Dame deserve credit, however, for an act of generosity that no other college Faculty, that we know of, has hitherto emulated—namely, the establishing of the *SCHOLASTIC* in the first place, and the payment of its expenses during the many years it has been published, without taxing the students one cent for such expenses. But as for contributions from members of the Faculty, they are almost as rare as hens' teeth. Perhaps the appearance of the above encomiums from the *Queen's College Journal* may stir them up, and show them the necessity for making the *SCHOLASTIC* more of a representative paper than it is. We take pleasure in explaining, for the benefit of our courteous contemporary, that, besides the College proper, there is a *small boys' school* at Notre Dame,—a very large and, so far as we are able to judge of its workings, first class school for *very small boys*. Besides this Minims' School, there is also the Preparatory department, for larger boys, in the College. We see that at other colleges where preparatory schools exist, as at Racine, for instance, a distinction is made in the college paper, the matter concerning the small boys being confined to a supplement. We take things in an informal, free-and-easy way here, and make no distinction. The *SCHOLASTIC* is intended mainly for a home record, and all its readers here, as well as the alumni and ex-students, are so well conversant with these matters that for them no explanation is necessary. We do not publish the *SCHOLASTIC* for the benefit of outsiders, and care little what inferences they may draw from it; therefore when explanations are given, they are given only in a spirit of courtesy.

—While calling attention, now and then, to one or other of our exchanges, we regret that some of the best of them have passed with scarcely any notice, or no notice at all. The reason may not be obvious, but it is, more than probably, because we felt we should have said more in their praise, and said it better, than our leisure time permitted. Among the magazines of this kind with which the SCHOLASTIC is favored, is *The Celtic Monthly*, an illustrated magazine published and edited by James Haltigan at 37 Nassau Street, New York. It has now entered upon its fifth year, and an able corps of writers make it very attractive by their varied productions—essays, treatises, biographical sketches, stories, poetry, a theatrical feuilleton by one of the ablest critics and most racy writers in New York, and an editorial department in which current matters of interest at home and abroad are chronicled and commented upon. The number before us contains an able criticism of the Parnell movement by our friend the Rev. David Moyes, of Warren, Mass., a finely-written sketch of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and one of Samuel Lover, with portraits. "Literary Miscellany" is always more or less an interesting department, both in matter and illustrations, the more prominent in this number being portraits of the great French pulpit orator Père Lacordaire, Père Didon, Wm. R. Grace, and some fancy sketches. The following is a sample of some of the matter given in the "Literary Miscellany":

"Laurelside," the home of that gentlest of all gentle Savages—Dr. John, LL. D., is among the brave hills of Pennsylvania, and one of the loveliest spots in all the land. For a few days past Dr. Savage has been entertaining a company of guests from this city, including Chief Justice and Mrs. Shea, Mrs. M. T. Fortescue and others, each and all brilliant wits. Such a fusillade of fun, such pungent puns, such wit and humor and side-splitting stories, flying thick as hailstones, as this company has enjoyed for four days, it is impossible to describe. Dr. Savage has a large farm, on which he has a paper mill, saw mill, thoroughbred cows, horses, poultry, etc., so that when he grows tired of writing verses, or his book on 'The Land Question,' he rushes out and saws wood for a change, and when weary of chopping wood, to burn it in his grand Elizabethan library, in a vast fire-place, with andirons over eighty years old. You know Mrs. Savage is a sister to General di Cesnola. She is a very beautiful woman, and bears such a remarkable resemblance to the ex-Empress Eugenie, that when they lived in Paris during the Empire, Mrs. Savage used to be constantly taken for the empress. Dr. Savage seated his guests about a dinner-table from which Daniel Webster dined and wined in long days ago. The loveliest river in Pennsylvania—for its size—the Anacostia, a little daughter of the Delaware, meanders through the farm. Chief Justice Shea, Mrs. Fortescue, and others of the 'Savage' company, got to pelting it with rhymes, because it is so hard to rhyme with these dreadful Indian names," etc.

The gossip department of "Stage Stories" is graced with good portraits of Jules Offenbach and Mr. Tom Taylor. The "Theatrical Feuilleton," is written up by Mr. John F. Flanagan, in the crisp spicy style so characteristic of his pen, or pencil. He speaks favorably of Miss Bernhardt on the stage. It is a pity that Bernhardt's moral character must be a bar to her success in this country; but as it is, Americans have taught a lesson to those who received her in England. Mr. Flanagan thinks that if Clara Morris's health were good she would do as great things in the dramatic line as Bernhardt, a fact which speaks better for home talent than for the appreciation of it. But it is the verification of the truth of the old adage, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." The subscription price of *The Celtic Monthly* is \$3 a year.

College Gossip.

—Oxford University's new boat-house was burned down on the 9th of this month.—*Chronicle*.

—The degree of Ph. D. has been conferred upon Mr. Edison by Rutgers College.—*Idem*.

—Beloit is being agitated by the old question of the moral *raison d'être* of college secret societies.

—The reason why John Stuart Mill wasn't an apostle was because it took ten mills to make a cent. Catch.—*Record*.

—A volume of college poetry is about to be published, the material being gathered from the college papers. Great Scott!—*University*.

—Brown University laments the death of Prof. J. L. Diman, D. D., who, since 1864, filled the chair of history and political economy at that institution.

—At Rutgers the students are obliged to buy their schedules at three cents each. It is not to be wondered that they regard such triviality with disfavor.

—The editor wrote: "An evening with Saturn," and it came out in the paper, "An evening with Satan." It was mighty rough, but the foreman said it was the work of the "devil." And it looked that way.—*Alabama University Monthly*.

—Vassar has been presented with a scholarship fund of \$3,000 by Dr. Barringer, the scholarship to go to the best scholar in the graduating class, who shall be a daughter of a leading physician, and shall offer herself as a competitor for the prize.—*Ex*.

—They were passing each other on the road to the P. O. One said: "Good morning, Bill." Just then Bill left the slippery sidewalk to fulfil an engagement in the gutter, and these were his last words as he disappeared under the troubled waters: "You lie."—*Princetonian*.

—Out of 358 colleges and universities reported to the Bureau of Education for the year 1878, there are 153 which admit women to their course of study. In these there are in the preparatory departments, 18,481 males and 6,779 females; in the collegiate departments, 14,152 males and 1,651 females in the classical course, and 2,724 males and 1,160 females in the scientific course. We cannot publish a full list of these institutions, but the following are a few of the principal ones that admit women: University of Michigan, Olivet College, University of Minnesota, Carleton College, Hillsdale College, Adrian College, Ohio Wesleyan University, Oberlin College, University of Wooster, Northwestern University, Knox College, Lombard University, Lake Forest University, Lincoln University, Monmouth College, Northwestern College, Ewing College, Carthage College, Northwestern College, Wheaton College, Illinois Wesleyan University, Blackburn University, Galesville University, University of Wisconsin, Ripon College, Upper Iowa University, Iowa College, Simpson Centenary College, Tabor College, Humboldt College, State University of Iowa, Iowa Wesleyan University, Cornell College, Oskaloosa College, Indiana University, Asbury University, Butler University, Earlham College, University of Notre Dame du Lac, University of Nebraska, and University of Kansas. In the East there are Cornell University, Swarthmore University, Wesleyan University, Allegheny College, and Delaware College; in the South, Bethel College, Atlanta University, Claflin University, Rutherford College, Central Tennessee College, and Fisk University; and in the West, California College. Reports from a majority agree that the average standing of women in the college department is fully equal to that of the young men. See reports of Wisconsin State University, Iowa State University, Cornell College, Iowa, and University of Michigan.—*Educational Weekly*.

The foregoing item, which we find in the well-edited gossip column of *The Chronicle*, sets down Notre Dame, or the University of Our Lady of the Lake (as its full title is in English), as a co-educational institution. This is a mistake; young ladies are not admitted into the classrooms of the University. The mistake probably originated from the idea that St. Mary's Academy—or College, as female institutions of its grade are designated by non-Catholics—holds a position similar to that of the Annex at Harvard. It might in some sense be so considered, as Professors from the University teach some of the classes at St. Mary's; but in no respect can the University of Notre Dame be considered a co-educational institution. The students at the two institutions never attend class in the same room or building, and St. Mary's is nearly a mile distant from the University buildings proper, and under entirely different management. In other respects, the two institutions are on a par, and very much alike, except that Law and Medicine are not taught at the Academy. Each institution has its Classical, Scientific, and Commercial departments, a course of Modern Languages, a Conservatory of Music and Art Department, but Law and Medicine are confined to the University, properly so called. The viewing St. Mary's in the light of an Annex to Notre Dame is a new feature, but in all truth and gallantry we venture to say that the University is rather honored than otherwise by the assumed filiation, for St. Mary's stands in high repute, and ranks as a first-class higher educational institution. But co-educational, no.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, February 19, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the complete volume for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

—One of our college exchanges calls attention to the fact that of late years more than usual attention is being given to the spiritual wants of students in educational institutions of every denomination. The writer, in the article referred to, rejoices that such is the case, and hopes to witness still greater efforts made in the same direction. We are, indeed, happy to learn that our dissenting brethren are beginning to realize the importance of such a necessity, and hope that that neglect for the spiritual advancement which has been so painfully characteristic of many of our sister institutions of learning will soon have passed away forever. Educational institutions, controlled by Catholics, have ever been alive to the necessity of training both the heart and intellect, knowing, as they do full well, that an irreligious education must produce an irreligious scholar. Not long since one of our exchanges advocated the extreme measure that students should not be required, or at least not compelled, to attend church service; and requested that the students of the particular institution referred to should get up a petition to that effect. From the organ of another college, we learn that the students there had resolved not to attend church unless the members of the Faculty were obliged to do the same. Another exchange informs us that a stamp act—not the one repealed long ago by our forefathers—took place during chapel service, because the boys of that particular college thought the services too protracted. The consequence was that a sermon which would perhaps have benefitted not a few was interrupted and the preacher forced into a hasty and premature peroration.

The sooner a reformation takes place in the institutions to which we have reference, the better. In Catholic colleges no such scenes occur, because students are

taught to attend Divine Service from motives of the highest order. They are told that attendance at church on Sundays is required of them, not by the college authorities, but authority's Authority—God. "Trained character not less than trained intellects," says the *Methodist*, a popular organ of this sect, "is the need of the students of the present day,"—a view which has been, and still is, the foundation on which rest the Catholic principles of education. Educate the mind alone, and the heart becomes callous to every religious impression. You cannot educate the heart without leaving an impression on the intellect, for good or evil. If so much, then, depends on the education of the character or heart, is it not a matter of surprise that so little attention is given it at the present day? Is there not a radical reform needed on this score in many of our sister institutions?

—The angel of Death has again visited our *Alma Mater* and carried away with him a fellow-student, in the person of Master L. L. O'Donnell of the Preparatory department. He was sick for a few days only, and little or no apprehension was felt on account of his illness, until last Wednesday morning when he commenced to grow worse and continued sinking rapidly, despite the unsparing efforts and unremitting attention of our skilful physician, Dr. Cassidy. He calmly expired shortly after midnight, last Saturday, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, and was, no doubt, on Sunday morning, with the angelic choirs, singing "hosannas to Him who liveth for ever and ever."

Death, no matter in what form it may come, brings with it sorrow and desolation. We always feel grieved when an affectionate parent or friend is snatched away from us by this unrelenting destroyer; for we know that it may be years and years before we again can see them. A void is created in the heart, which time can never fill. We always feel a friend's loss, especially when lost to us by death. But doubly poignant is our sorrow, if that friend be one in whom we find concentrated every quality which tends to win our esteem, admiration, and love. And such is the loss we now mourn in the death of Master L. O'Donnell, who was the very personification of goodness. We are consoled, however, in knowing that he was well prepared, and that, consequently, our loss is Heaven's gain. Death is but a night, a long and moonless night, in which we make the grave our bed. But as no night is without its morn, so the night of death gives place to the bright morn of immortality.

Master O'Donnell was a young gentleman of bright promise. He entered the Preparatory department of the University last September, and from that time to the day of his death, gave entire satisfaction to the Faculty, and edification to his fellow-students. At the time of his death, he was scarce 17 years old, and had, consequently, not yet begun the battle of life, to prepare for which he had entered the University. But God, in His wisdom, saw fit to call him to Himself; and while we cannot but mourn the loss we sustain in the death of our young friend, we feel our grief assuaged in knowing that he has but changed an earthly and perishable abode, for one of peace, joy, and happiness everlasting.

On Wednesday morning, Solemn High Mass was sung at 8 o'clock by President Corby, with Fathers Walsh and O'Keeffe as assistants, for the repose of his soul. Mass

over, President Corby preached a most touching and eloquent sermon on death, in the course of which he pathetically referred to the many good qualities of our deceased brother.

To the afflicted parents of the deceased, who reside in South Bend, the President, Faculty and students of the University extend their sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

At a meeting of the Junior branch of the Archconfraternity, of which Master O'Donnell was an active and respected member, the following resolutions were drawn up:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call to Himself our lamented friend, L. L. O'DONNELL, and

WHEREAS, We, in behalf of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, desire to present a token of esteem for our departed associate; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we have lost a good, earnest, pious, and exemplary fellow-member; and while we submit to the benign and gracious decrees of the Almighty, we cannot suppress our sincere and heartfelt sorrow that one so good has departed from our midst; yet we feel a consolation in the thought that he is now enjoying the reward of his saintly life.

RESOLVED, That we condole with the grief-stricken parents and friends of the departed, in the hope of alleviating their grief. Also, that we offer up prayers and a general Communion for the repose of his soul.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the paper of our Association, and that a copy be sent to the parents of the deceased, and also to the SCHOLASTIC. South Bend papers please copy.

COMMITTEE { J. P. O'NEILL, F. H. GREVER,
C. A. TINLEY, R. E. FLEMING.

—The liberal press tries to maintain that faith cannot harmonize with science, a statement which finds a contradiction in the life and death of Leverrier, one of the greatest astronomers the world ever produced. Leverrier was director of the Imperial Observatory at Paris. In the year 1846, he announced to the scientific world that, during that same year, a new planet could be found in a certain place in the heavens previously determined by him. All the astronomers in Europe were told to search for it, and on the 23d of September, 1847, a Berlin astronomer announced its discovery in the place mapped out by Leverrier. For some time the new planet was named after Leverrier, but now it is known by the name of "Neptune."

During his whole life, Leverrier was occupied with the greatest of his works, the disturbance in the planetary system and the stability of the solar system; and in the last moments of his life, when he had the satisfaction to see his efforts crowned with success, he repeated often to himself these consoling words of the Gospel: "Now, O Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace." Leverrier always showed in himself a firm and lively faith. For the marriage of his daughter, he asked the blessing of the Holy Father Pius IX. In his last moment he told his servant, without the knowledge of his family, to bring his parish priest to administer the last Sacraments. Unintentionally, the servant called upon the parish priest of St. Sulpice, who heard the confession of the dying man. Whereupon the great astronomer said that he wanted not only to give the example of a good Catholic to the scientific world, but also that of a faithful parishioner, and for that reason desired that his own parish priest of St. Jacques should give him the holy Viaticum. His orders were executed. Even some time before his death, he had placed on the walls of

his observatory a magnificent crucifix, and it was a sight worth seeing to behold the old man dragging himself from his beloved instrument and kneel before this crucifix to prepare himself to appear worthily before Him, whom he had contemplated in the stars.

Leverrier, as so many other great astronomers, furnish a proof of the truth of the words of the late Professor Heis of Munster: "The heaven of the astronomers and the heaven of the theologians are not enemies. In other words, true and real science is never in contradiction with faith."

—The long-looked for play, the "New Arts," was given last Tuesday evening in Washington Hall. As usual on occasions of the kind, the Hall was crowded to the very galleries. On the arrival of President Corby, the N. D. U. C. Band struck up "The Opening March," which they rendered passably well. The Band is weak this year, and will be obliged to improve wonderfully, if it desires to excel, or even reach, the standard of excellence to which last year's Band attained; though even it was inferior to that of the preceding year. More practice is what the Band needs. We were not at all pleased with its playing on this occasion. The playing of the Mozart Quartette, which immediately followed that of the Band, presented a fine contrast. That of the Band was coarse, played without expression, the cornets receiving little or no support; that of the Quartette was sweet and melodious. We think that the Quartette simply surpassed itself last Tuesday evening. They played in the most perfect manner, and were well worthy of the thunder of applause which greeted the *finale*.

In criticising the playing of the Band, Orchestra, Quartette, or anything pertaining to an entertainment, or anybody taking part therein, we do so fearlessly, and wholly free from the influence of prejudice, or any other unworthy motive. We do not propose to bestow praise upon anything or anybody unworthy of it; nor do we intend letting anything worthy of censure pass unnoticed. We try to flatter none. Deserve praise, we will give it to you, and be but too happy to have the opportunity; expect censure if you merit it. Our plan is to point out to each, as far as in us lies, his defects; so that being once pointed out, a repetition of them may be avoided. Our conviction is that a critic should criticise, not for the purpose of venting his personal spleen upon everybody whom he may dislike, but for the sole purpose of improving the criticised.

When the last sound of the soft sweet strains produced by the Quartette had died away, Mr. J. Solon appeared upon the boards with a declamation, entitled the "Criminability of Duelling," which he delivered in very good style. The only, but very important thing, with which we found fault in Mr. Solon's delivery, was his gestures. The young gentleman possesses a fine, rich, and powerful voice, which, with more attention to gesture, would make him a first-class declaimer. He was followed by Master J. P. O'Neill in the "Ancient War Song of Ireland," which he delivered in a very satisfactory manner. With each successive appearance, we notice a marked improvement in this young gentleman's style of delivery. This is as it should be, and therefore we congratulate Master O'Neill. Then appeared Mr. D. Danahey in a comic selection, "The Farm Boy," which he delivered in faultless style, and received a justly-deserved encore. Then was given the

prologue to the "New Arts" by Masters C. C. Echlin and C. E. Droste of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association. It was short, to the point, and well rendered.

This closed the first part of the evening's Entertainment. When the curtain again rose, Messrs. G. Tracy and F. Grever appeared on the boards in their respective rôles of "Master William" and "Mr. Jno. Smyth," the first on the list in the *dramatis personæ* of the "New Arts." Master Grever spoke in a clear audible voice and ably sustained his rôle throughout the entire play. Mr. Tracy was very graceful in his movements, but his voice was altogether too weak, and he could not be heard by the whole audience. "Mr. Wright," personated by Mr. G. Clarke of the Staff, was a dignified and very polite gentleman in every sense of the word. Mr. Clarke, as usual, sustained his part admirably, perfectly. The rôles "Fairbanks," the banker, was faithfully taken by Mr. J. Solon. Master C. C. Echlin, who assumed the rôle of "Julius," a polite boy, could not have been surpassed in the rendition of his part. The same may be said of Masters Snee, Metz, Droste and Taylor, all members of the Sorin Association. The other parts were taken by Masters J. O'Neill, A. Bodine, J. Morgan, T. Flynn, F. Kline, H. Rose, C. Bietz, E. Fischel and G. Rhodius, all of whom acquitted themselves in a creditable manner.

So much has already been written about the "New Arts," that further allusion to it now is unnecessary. There are many good lessons taught in the little drama, which, if heeded, would undoubtedly prove beneficial to many of us.

The closing remarks were made by Very Rev. President Corby after his own happy manner.

Personal.

- Any personals?
- Prof. Lyons was in Chicago last Wednesday.
- David Coddington, '74, is residing at Lincoln, Ill.
- Very Rev. A. Granger was the first Director of Studies.
- Samuel Marks, '74, is in business at Cheyenne City, and is prospering.
- Mr. Chirhart and lady were present at Tuesday evening's Entertainment.
- Frank C. Luther, '74, is clerking in a dry-good store at Medina, New York.
- Jas. E. Wood (Commercial), '75, is conducting a newspaper at Savannah, Ill.
- Mrs. Ray, of Chicago, is visiting her son, Master Willie, of the Minim department.
- Chas. M. Nodler (Commercial), '74, is in the grocery business at Keokuk, Iowa.
- Rev. P. Franciscus, C. S. C., arrived here from Cincinnati, O., on the 14th inst.
- John Sule (Commercial), '74, is attending the Iowa University, where he is studying law.
- Mrs. Snee, of Chicago, visited her son Harry, of the Minim department, during the week.
- Joseph Marks, '74, is with A. O. Slaughter, in the broker and banking business in Chicago.
- Will R. Van Valkenburg, '74, is in the hardware business with his father at Huntsville, Ala.
- Mrs. Moroney, of Chesterton, Ind., is here, visiting her son, Master Fred Moroney, Minim department.
- Mr. T. Elliot, of Detroit, was here during the past week, visiting Mr. A. T. Moran, of the Senior department.
- Ed G. Ohmer, '74, is in the furniture and notion business at Fargo City, Dakota. Ed has a fine run of trade.

—Chas. A. Kreiter (Commercial), '74, is employed in the Freight Department of the Pennsylvania Central R. R., at Toledo, Ohio.

—R. Keenan ('79), of Lindsay, Ont., spent a few days visiting his friends at the University. "Bob" goes to Chicago to engage in business.

—Mrs. Mattes, of Des Moines, Iowa, was here during the first part of the week, visiting her son, Master F. Mattes, of the Preparatory department.

—Mr. M. Fischel, of Nashville, Tenn., spent last Tuesday and Wednesday visiting his sons, Masters E. and F. Fischel, of the Prep. department.

—Herbert H. Hunt—"Sal"—(Commercial), '74, is with the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Co., and is located in Omaha, where he is doing well.

—F. W. Robinson ('78), Millview, Fla., has charge of his uncle's heavy lumber business in that place. Mr. Robinson has our thanks for his efforts on behalf of the SCHOLASTIC.

—We had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Father Kroll, of Chesterton, Ind., last Monday. We are always pleased to meet Father Kroll, and hope that he will call to see us frequently.

—W. Kelly (Commercial), '74, is in the machine shop of the C. & W. M. R. R. Co., at Muskegon, Mich., where he is recognized as one of the best machinists in the employ of the Company.

—Rev. Father Shea, C. S. C., for the past year Chaplain at the St. Joe Farm, will start for Dakota sometime during the coming week. He will be assistant to Rev. Father Colovin, pastor of the Catholic church in Lead City.

Local Items.

- Skating.
- "Come in."
- "See heah!"
- "You joke, John."
- Pass in your locale.
- Hide that cuff, Dan.
- We pity the Georges.
- "Come, bossy, come!"
- "Co', bossy! co'! co'!"
- Shoot the bass-drummer.
- Who are the wooden-men?
- "Deadwood," pay for that plate.
- "My brother Charley likes Greek."
- William Tell next Monday evening.
- How did you like the "New Arts"?
- Good singing last Sunday at Vespers.
- The Cadets are improving every day.
- Who is "our friend John," anyhow?
- Bob, return those silk handkerchiefs.
- Bro. Thomas is doing a good business.
- How many valentines did you receive?
- "Oh, I have a great taste for literature."
- The "Corporal" has not been heard from.
- Did you see "J. Willie's" transparencies?
- Good skating on the lakes last Wednesday.
- Ask Professor D—, about the rabbit hunt.
- Bob and his friend were "fired" last Sunday.
- The Class of Calisthenics is progressing finely.
- The mails were immense for the past few days.
- How mean to send us such ugly-looking "vals."
- Who will have the best bulletins for February?
- Please don't offer George a cigar: he prefers a pipe.
- Where was the triangle, Tuesday night? Eh, Dennis?
- "Dexter" received several characteristic valentines.

—The Sorins were well represented last Tuesday evening.
—Bro. Leander has our thanks for a first-class Havana.
—"Dan" would make a large and heavy addition to the Staff.

—Will the Vocal Music Class entertain us on the 21st inst?

—"I say, Brother, do they get up at midnight very often?"

—Very few Society meetings during the past week. Why?

—"The distinguished censor neglects his duty, by golly."

—The bell-carrier in the Senior department is A Browne Texan.

—"Pete" managed to break through the ice last Wednesday.

—"Nance," come again with your friend. Better chance in June.

—Prof. Unsworth has again resumed his "constitutionals."

—"I believe I've had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman before."

—"Shorty" had his *debris* removed by Mr. Condon last Wednesday.

—We hope to hear the University Orchestra next Monday evening.

—Excellent playing by the Mozart Quartette last Tuesday evening.

—The cymbals were well handled at Tuesday evening's Entertainment.

—"Putting on airs" was immense, so he thought, Tuesday night.

—The First Book-keeping Class, under Prof. Tong, is largely attended.

—Wednesday last was the first enjoyable recreation day since winter set in.

—Mr. Condon, the tonsorial artist of this University, reports a brisk business.

—"Charley Ross" is loud in his praise of Tuesday night's Entertainment.

—The ice on the lakes is beginning to manifest unmistakable signs of decay.

—There was no meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity last Sunday night.

—Several fine fish were lately angled from the blue waters of Lake St. Joe.

—The Vocal Music Classes are doing well under the instruction of Prof. Baur.

—K—and E. regulated the fire during the presentation of the "New Arts."

—Let the Mozart Quartette give us one of their grandest next Monday evening.

—Handball seems to be at a stand still. Interest in the game is apparently declining.

—The "New Arts" came off last Tuesday night. Full account in our editorial columns.

—We noticed several people from South Bend among the audience last Tuesday night.

—A grand oyster supper was given to the participants in Tuesday night's Entertainment.

—The 13th regular meeting of the Sorin Association was held Sunday evening, 13th inst.

—Their validores were used by the Minims for the first time this year last Wednesday morning.

—To-morrow, Sexagesima Sunday, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. Vespers of a Martyr, p. 40.

—Wagon-loads of brick for the completion of the Academy of Music are brought here every day.

—Some one claims the hand-ball championship of the Preparatory department for Master J. Maher.

—Bro. Alexander was heartily cheered by the Juniors when he put in an appearance on last Monday.

—It pays to advertise. The book and watch advertised in last week's SCHOLASTIC have been recovered.

—Charley received the largest number of valentines on Monday, Albert and Eddie taking second place.

—Masters Rhodius and Brinkman are exquisite artists. They have our thanks for samples of their works.

—Baseball is already being talked of. The Juniors have a good show for the championship, they say.

—The Staff return thanks to Prof. Lyons for his kind invitation to the oyster supper on Tuesday evening.

—Rev. Fathers O'Keeffe, C. S. C., and Kroll of Chesterton, Ind., called at our "den" last Monday evening.

—Next Tuesday, Washington's Birthday, will be appropriately celebrated by the students of this University.

—Extensive improvements have lately been made in the appearance of the corridor in the Minim department.

—When the snow-plow makes its rounds again, we hope that the avenue to the post office will not be forgotten.

—Bro. Edwin, third prefect of the Junior Department, has been a little "under the weather" for the past week.

—We appreciate the kindness of our South Bend friend who sent us his "photo" and those of two near relatives.

—Rev. Father Fitté was the celebrant of the 10-o'clock Mass last Sunday, and Masters Gordon and Cleary were the servers.

—Great preparations are being made at this University for a proper celebration of the anniversary of the Father of his Country.

—Good Bro. Stanislaus has been unwell for the past few days; we sincerely hope that his illness may be of short duration.

—The Thespians will undoubtedly maintain their well-earned reputation of being the best dramatic Association at Notre Dame.

—It brought back old recollections to see the long line of Juniors on last Monday in command of Brothers Alexander and Leander.

—We are happy to state that the rights of the Staff are respected at last. All were invited to the oyster supper on Tuesday evening.

—Masters Cleary and Guthrie were head-servers at the *Missa de Requiem* last Wednesday morning; Mr. J. P. O'Neill, censor-bearer.

—Messrs. E. Orrick, B. F. Smith, E. Piper and H. P. Dunn got the highest percentage at the examination of the Artistic Drawing Class.

—The best way to criticise the SCHOLASTIC is to send good articles to us for publication. "That," as Punch says, "is the way to do it!"

—A poor excuse is better than none. When you cannot find an excuse for your indisposition, say that you have been eating too many apples.

—Plenty of red lights on next Monday evening. William Tell will be presented by the Thespians, and we will tell you how well in our next issue.

—Mr. Eliot Ryder is making a collection of the finest secular poems written by Catholics, which he expects to publish in May next.—*Catholic Mirror*.

—The lowest number of candidates for the Roll of Honor in the Junior department for the new session was 105, a fact which speaks well for that department.

—"Stonewall Jackson" has gone back on us completely. He sends us no more local items. Never again will we be inclined to compare him to the hero of New Orleans.

—Masters E. and A. Gall, Preps., received a box well packed with goodies, last week, from Indianapolis. These young gentlemen's friends were not forgotten. Thanks.

—Prof. Edwards promises to do the "square thing" with the Junior Orchestra, if they will brace up and give us something good at some of the public entertainments. Brace up now, boys.

—A Solemn High Mass *de Requiem* was chanted last

Wednesday morning for the repose of the soul of Master O'Donnell. The Archconfraternity, of which he was a member, assisted at this Mass in full regalia.

—The 13th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary Association was held Wednesday, Feb. 16th. Masters F. Farrelly, J. Chaves, R. Costello, H. Snee, and C. C. Echlin delivered declamations. Organ solos were played by Masters Hanavin and Echlin.

—Speaking of Mr. Eliot Ryder's anthology of Catholic poetry, the *Detroit Western Home* journal says: "The compiler is a poet himself, and, we doubt not, well qualified for his task. We hope his commendable effort will meet with liberal encouragement."

—The "Marshal,"—beg pardon—the "Lieutenant" is "riled" on account of the personalities indulged in by us last week. Excuse us, please; you will have nothing to fear, on that score, in future. Be a good lieutenant, and we'll not call you Marshal again.

—Our friend John says that whoever sent him that valentine representing a sheep's head on human shoulders, with the inscription: "Yourself as natural as life," had better keep his identity concealed, or there will be a first class funeral in this vicinity at no distant day.

—"Deadwood Dick" lost a portion of his *chapeau* last Tuesday. The very same day, and at about the same hour, "Brigham Young" lost a tooth-brush. "What a remarkable coincidence!" exclaimed our friend John on hearing of the above. Well, now, we should sneeze.

—It is an indisputable fact that, as a rule, those criticizing the articles which appear in these columns are the very ones who do not, and have refused to assist, the SCHOLASTIC in the least. But then their unjust criticisms do not, thank Heaven, imperil the existence of our paper.

—As has been announced, Prof. J. A. Lyons will bring out next May a collection of secular poems, by Catholic authors, compiled by Eliot Ryder. For this commendable enterprise, Prof. Lyons is deserving of great credit. The publication of such a work here will reflect honor upon our University.

—We are thankful to our many kind friends who presented us with their photographs, some twenty-five in number, all perfect effigies of the givers, on the 14th inst. We can now afford to start an art gallery, in which these perfect "photos" of twenty-five kind friends will find a conspicuous place.

—The Columbian's Society-room is receiving the finishing touches. It will be ready for occupancy next week. Mr. Smith, the young and brilliant artist, is doing his work well. His life-like paintings of Prof. J. A. Lyons and the lamented Father Lemonnier, would do credit to much older and more pretentious artists.

—Prof. in Philosophy: "The whale's throat is really smaller than a man's arm. Mr. Smith, would you believe that?" "No, sir; I would not." Prof.: "And why not, sir? doesn't your book say so?" Smith: "Yes, sir; but I would believe the Bible first; for I don't think Jonah was any relation to Sara Bernhardt."

—Mr. Eliot Ryder is engaged upon a compilation of secular poems, written by Catholics of the United States, with critical and biographical notes,—*Donahoe's Magazine*

Our friend Donahoe is slightly in error. Mr. Ryder's work begins with Chaucer, and will include selections from the English Catholic poets, as well as those of America.

—The Watertown Gazette threatens to squeal on us, because we said that "Charlie Ross" is a student at this University: All right, old fellow. You'll never get that clay pipe you asked us for, nor shall we use it as a calumet with you either. You'll be just as mean as you can be, Mr. Gazette, if you divulge Charley's whereabouts.

—The 16th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held Feb. 12th. Selections were given to the following members: A. Browne, D. Smith, H. Devitt, A. Schiml, A. Mendel, G. Haslam, J. Bennett, G. O'Kane, G. Woodson, L. Florman, F. Wheatley, S. Livingston and E. Cullinane. L. Gibert closed the exercises with a French declamation.

—There is said to be a lake on the Saw-Tooth Mountains, that remains frozen during the whole year. It is a

great bowl in the hard mountain rock, brimful of solid ice, upon which the rays of the sun descend with no power to penetrate. Consequently the folk up that way may enjoy skating during the whole year. We wish that such a lake of perpetual ice were in proximity to Notre Dame.

—The Sorins, with President Corby's consent, will appear in a public entertainment some time during the coming month. They gave sufficient evidence of their dramatic ability at the presentation of the "New Arts," last Tuesday evening. We are sure that President Corby will see that, though the Sorins are the smallest boys at Notre Dame, their right to appear in public will not be denied them.

—The following students of the Minim Department deserve special notice for duties in Arithmetic and Grammar. In the 1st class, D. G. Taylor received 24 perfect notes; J. L. Courtney, 24; A. B. Van Mourick, 19; C. E. Droste, 17; M. W. Olds, 17; W. T. Berthelet, 14; J. A. Kelly, 9; H. A. Kitz, 8; W. F. Hanavin, 8; E. A. Howard, 8. In the 2d class J. H. Dwenger, 9; J. Ruppe, 6; W. Miller, 8; D. O'Connor, 9; A. B. Farrelly, 6; J. S. Chaves, 5.

—The Solemn High Mass *de Requiem* was sung at Notre Dame this morning in memory of the late Louis O'Donnell, one of the University students, who was recently stricken down by the fell destroyer, death, while pursuing his studies at the College. Very Rev. Father Corby, President of the University, was celebrant, assisted by Father Walsh and others. There was a large attendance of students and friends of the afflicted family.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—Brother Leander was not a little surprised last Wednesday evening, on entering the refectory, to find a small package containing a very useful article. It was a present from a member of his table, who was of the opinion that Wednesday was the Feast of Saint Leander. Of course Bro. Leander feels very grateful for the gift. The Feast of Saint Leander occurs on the 27th inst., which is also the birthday of our greatest American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who, by the way, is a great favorite of Bro. Leander's.

—Scene in Bible History Class:—Prof.—"Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet—now, answer me, who was the father of these gentlemen?" (Boys silent.) "You cannot tell? Well, now let's try again. You know Mr. Sparkes who lives over the way?" Boys—"Will Sparkes?" Prof.—"Yes, surely. Well, then, Mr. Sparkes has got three boys—Tommy, John, and Bill. Now, who is the father of those boys? You know them very well." Boys—"Mr. Sparkes." Prof.—"Very good—very good, boys, indeed; that is quite right. Now, then, Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Who—" Boys—(in a hurry)—"Mr. Sparkes."

—The 20th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place Feb. 6th. After the miscellaneous business had been transacted, the semi-annual banquet took place. The 21st regular meeting was held Feb. 8th. Master E. Orrick read an essay on "The Progress of the United States Since the Revolution"; W. Cleary, described the "Life of Mahomet"; "James Buchanan's Life" was well sketched by C. Rose; H. Rose read a well-written composition on "Winter"; "The Battle of New Orleans" was related by E. Prenatt. Public readers for this week are: G. Castavedo, G. Rhodius, J. O'Neill, A. Bodine, E. Prenatt, W. Cleary, C. Rietz, C. Tinley, R. Fleming and E. Orrick.

—On Monday last City Surveyor Stace notified the authorities of South Bend that the Jefferson street bridge was unsafe. He was at once made the target of the abuse of the whole city, and especially of the parties who built the bridge.—NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

The SCHOLASTIC's source of information could not have been of a very reliable character. Prof. Stace's judgment was quite generally indorsed, and it was a real relief to the public to have a structure so long considered unsafe emphatically condemned. Naturally enough the builders and other interested parties might have made the Professor an object of abuse, but no one's judgment for which the Professor need care was against him.—*South-Bend Register*.

The SCHOLASTIC is happy to learn that it was misinformed on the above point.

—The Dayton-cam pump purchased by Notre Dame for the protection of the University and adjacent buildings, in case of fire, has been tested and comes up fully to expectations. The water supply is furnished from the lake and is drawn by the pump through 300 feet of hose-pipe up an elevation of seventeen feet. The pump does this work promptly, and discharges water at the rate of 1,200 gallons a minute, sending it easily clear to the top of the College buildings. There are two large iron pipes run up through the College building with fire-plugs on each floor to which hose can be attached. These pipes also fill a large cistern and two tanks in this building and keep pipes and hydrants in other buildings supplied with water. The works were put in under the direct superintendence of Rev. J. A. Zahm, who is at the head of the scientific department of the university. The test shows that he has had the work satisfactorily done.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—'Twas midnight, in our friend John's mind. What could be the meaning of the heavy tread of hurrying feet at that solemn hour! "Surely this cannot be a midnight revelry," thought our friend John. The noise grew louder, the steps more hurried. With all the horror of a midnight spectre, the thought that the University might be on fire flashed through his mind. Instantly, he sprang from his downy couch and rushed for the door. He snuffed the air, but could not find the smell of smoke. But still he heard the rush of hurrying feet below, and in less time than it takes us to tell it, John had joined the crowd. What was his chagrin, consternation, and surprise when he became aware of the fact that it was 5:30 a. m., and that the students were on their way to the lavatories. In an instant after this discovery, that self-same white figure, which had descended the stairs so rapidly, ascended them with lightning-like rapidity amid the cheers of nearly two hundred students.

—Prof. Carl T. Baur, who has lately become a member of the Faculty of Music here, has been only a few months in the United States. Of course he has had to stand the test of being interviewed by a SCHOLASTIC man, for local and personal items were scarce. In conversation with him, the fact that music is not his only speciality came to light, for he possesses a certificate from King Louis II of Bavaria that he is a proficient, 1st, in Architecture, Ancient and Modern, with their subdivision; 2d, in the various branches of Drawing; 3d, Painting in water-colors; 4th, Moulding, in Plaster of Paris and clay; 5th, Mathematics, Arithmetic, Algebra; also in Chemistry, Physics and Mineralogy. We have had ample proof of the Professor's musical genius, and new and difficult pieces have been played by him at first sight and with seeming ease. He has been organist at the Cathedral of Freiburg and at Carlsruhe, and directed choirs and orchestras in various places. During the last ten years he has made music his speciality, although he has also devoted some time to designs for fine carved work for one of the principal manufacturing houses in Cincinnati.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the *Scholastic Annual* for 1881. Its compiler, Prof. J. A. Lyons, deserves the praise and thanks of all who take an interest in literary matters. We congratulate the Professor on the excellence of his compilation, on the taste and judgment he has displayed in the selections made, and on his success in crowding so much useful and entertaining matter into the seventy-five pages which compose the little volume. As a specimen of the printer's art it is equal to any of the annual Almanacs issued by the leading newspapers of the country, and is far ahead of many of the pamphlets sent out by prominent publishing-houses. In this connection we might also give expression to the genuine sentiments of pleasure with which we have noted the steady improvement of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. We have always looked upon it as one of the very best of our exchanges, and from the numerous encomiums lately lavished upon it we perceive that we are not alone in our judgment. We have always admired its elevated tone and sound scholarship, which a flippant few addicted to the pursuit of sickly and sickening wit, have misunderstood and tried to decry as marks of mediæval backwardness. We are not at all blind to the senseless and ill-disguised prejudices that provoke such a criticism. Rightly analyzed it is but a cowardly insinuation of the old charge that Catholics are be-

hind the times and do not keep pace with the progress of the age, and that nothing good can come out of Nazareth. To the credit of college journalism be it said that but few papers have indulged in this kind of logic, and they have met with a speedy rebuke from the rest.—*College Mercury*.

—We know of a certain egotistic and pedantic gentleman in the Junior department—he's large enough to be a Senior—who is prone to criticise in terms the most offensive and ungentlemanly the articles which appear in these columns from week to week. Were the young gentleman, to whom we have reference, capable of criticising,—had he brains enough to enable him to pass a fair and unprejudiced criticism upon the SCHOLASTIC, we would be happy to have him point out our journalistic defects; but when both capability and brains are wanting, the sooner the individual is made aware of the fact, the better for himself and others. From the party to whom reference is made, we have received no favors; we want none from him. He gave us several of his (?) compositions for publication last fall which we, on examination, thought unfit to appear in these columns. We returned them, and since that time (last October) the SCHOLASTIC has been made the target of his vituperation and course invectives. The reason we did not mention the matter before is, we thought that with the new year, a salutary and radical change would have been effected in that young gentleman's disposition. Such, however, has not been the case; and we propose to terminate this affair right here. Now if that young gentleman, whose name we will for the present suppress, knows what is for his best interest, he will, since his prejudice or incapability will not permit him to criticise us fairly, abstain from the use of his malice-minded innuendos in future; otherwise, we shall feel at liberty to divulge his name and ventilate some of his many and unjust imputations. We hope that further reference to this affair will be as unnecessary as it would be unpleasant.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. J. Brown, J. F. Brown, F. W. Bloom, F. M. Bell, C. W. Bennett, A. A. Bodine, G. E. Clarke, T. F. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, F. T. Dever, J. D. Delaney, M. B. Eaton, D. Danahy, T. Bour, T. E. Bourbonia, M. L. Falvey, J. M. Falvey, W. P. Fishburn, F. W. Gallagher, F. J. Garrity, G. L. Hagan, M. Healy, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, W. Johnson, A. Korty, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kubu, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrick, Ed McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. J. McErlain, J. J. Malone, M. J. McEniry, A. T. Moran, J. C. Newman, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, W. B. Ratterman, J. J. Redmond, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, G. Sugg, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, C. Schultheis, C. H. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, F. Ward, J. T. Wiseheart, W. R. Walsh, W. R. Young, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler,* F. Rettig.

* This young man was omitted last week by mistake, also J. O'Reilly.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Ayers, A. A. Browne, J. H. Bennett, F. A. Boone, J. M. Boose, C. J. Brinkman, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, M. Block, G. C. Castaneda, A. M. Coghlin, W. L. Coghlin, J. A. Casey, J. M. Courtney, E. Cullinene, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, F. J. Cantwell, J. V. Cabel, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, A. J. Dennis, N. H. Ewing, J. W. Devitt, H. F. Devitt, F. H. Dorsel, A. J. Flynn, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, J. M. Farrell, E. Fischel, F. Fischel, L. F. Florman, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gibert, E. F. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, P. G. Hoffman, T. J. Hurley, A. J. Hintze, M. A. Herrick, J. T. Homan, G. J. Haslam, T. D. Healey, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Krone, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kollars, G. C. Kipper, S. Livingston, C. A. Moss, F. X. Mattes, A. Mendel, J. T. Maher, W. P. Mahon, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, F. J. McKinnon, H. W. Morse, M. A. McNulty,

N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, F. J. Prenatt, D. W. Paul, G. J. Rhodius, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, J. W. Start, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, W. E. Smith, E. E. Smith, A. C. Schiml, C. Schneider, G. Schaefer, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woerber, F. W. Wheatley, G. Woodson, T. Williams, J. B. Whelan.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. E. Drestle, D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, W. M. Olds, W. Taylor, G. E. Tourtillotte, H. A. Kitz, C. Metz, W. T. Berthelet, J. S. Courtney, W. Thompson, A. G. Molander, R. Costello, J. E. Chaves, J. Ruppe, F. B. Farrelly, J. H. Dwenger, L. J. Young, H. J. Ackerman, A. B. Bender, E. B. Bagard, W. Rea, J. W. Kent, J. McGrath, E. McMcGrath, J. F. Nestor, C. Young, M. E. Devitt, J. L. Rose, J. L. McCawley, W. J. Miller, H. Metz.

Class Honors

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

W. Gray, R. E. Fleming, R. Le Bourgeois, G. Castanedo, L. Giberi, C. Rose, J. Courtney, A. Gall, F. H. Grever, C. Rietz, F. Kleine, B. Zekind, J. Ruppe, T. Hurley, G. De Haven, G. Woodson, E. Fischel, J. McGrath, F. Fischel, A. Flynn M. Herrick, H. Sells, G. O'Kane, N. Nelson, F. Kuhn, E. Gall, G. Truschel, A. Schiml, F. Kengel, A. Dick, F. Woerber, F. Dorsel, J. T. Maher, F. Johnson, J. H. Fendrick, J. Morgan, C. McDermott, E. Taggart, E. Otis, W. Barron, J. Homan, A. Rohrback, H. Dunn, G. Schaefer, E. Piper, B. F. Smith, E. Sugg, G. Sugg, H. Simms, W. McGorrick, F. Baker, A. T. Moran, T. Byrne, J. Guthrie, W. Loffman, A. Thornton, J. Gordon, J. McIntyre, C. Murdock, J. Newman, A. Mendel, F. Krone, T. Williams, W. E. Smith, C. Scheider, E. Cullinene, W. Cavanagh, J. Whelan, J. Devitt, G. Haslam, H. Morse, A. Dennis, L. Florman, T. Healy, M. Healy, G. Kipper, E. Orrick, E. Piper, H. P. Dunn

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—A. Schiml, F. Grever, G. Castanedo, C. Rose, N. Nelson, T. Williams, J. Whelan, E. Gall; French—R. Le Bourgeois, G. Castanedo, L. Gibert, W. Gray, G. Sugg, D. Harrington; Elocution—C. Tinley, E. Orrick, G. E. Clarke, W. J. McCarthy, J. Solon, J. P. O'Neill, G. Tracy, J. Malone, C. Brinkman, A. Zahm, F. Grever, A. Rohrback, G. Woodson, D. Danahey; Telegraphy—S. P. Terry, J. Marlett, A. Rohrback, H. Gregory, F. Dever, A. Jackson, C. Bennett, T. Bourbonia; Vocal Music—H. O'Donnell, B. Pollock, J. H. Newman, G. Schaefer, C. Echlin, L. Florman; Instrumental Music—M. B. Eaton, G. Schaefer, J. B. Zettler, C. Murdock, G. Haslam, G. Truschel, W. Start, J. Maher, F. Wheatley; Artistic Drawing—B. F. Smith, Geo. Schäfer, F. Cantwell, W. Ayers, A. C. Schiml.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Ottawa & Streator Passenger.....	* 7:25 a.m.	* 7:30 p.m.
Nebraska and Kansas Express.....	* 9:30 a.m.	* 4:05 p.m.
Rockford and Freeport Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Pacific Fast Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Kansas and Colorado Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 8:25 a.m.	* 1:35 p.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 3:15 p.m.	* 7:55 a.m.
Mendota and Ottawa Express.....	* 4:35 p.m.	* 10:40 a.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 5:30 p.m.	* 8:55 a.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 6:15 p.m.	* 7:15 a.m.
Freeport and Dubuque Express.....	* 9:30 p.m.	* 6:35 a.m.
Pacific Night Express for Omaha.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Texas Fast Express.....	* 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Kansas City and St Joe Express.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.

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Jan. 10, 1881. Local and Through Time Table. No. 21.

Going North.		STATIONS.		Going South.	
		ARRIVE	LEAVE		
1.40 p.m.	4.20 p.m.	- - Michigan City,	- -	9.35 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
1.00 "	3.35 "	- - La Porte,	- -	10.23 "	8.55 "
12.35 "	3.14 "	- - Stillwell,	- -	10.41 "	9.20 "
12.14 a.m.	2.53 "	- - Walkerton,	- -	11.00 "	9.42 "
11.42 "	2.23 "	- - Plymouth,	- -	11.35 "	10.21 "
10.44 "	1.39 "	- - Rochester,	- -	12.27 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
10.12 "	12.51 "	- - Denver,	- -	1.06 "	11.57 "
9.50 "	12.30 p.m.	- - Peru,	- -	1.45 "	12.25 a.m.
9.23 "	11.50 "	- - Bunker Hill,	- -	2.05 "	12.43 "
8.50 "	11.18 "	- - Kokomo,	- -	2.40 "	1.31 "
8.09 "	10.41 "	- - Tipton,	- -	3.16 "	2.05 "
7.25 "	9.57 "	- - Noblesville,	- -	4.00 "	2.45 "
6.25 p.m.	8.50 a.m.	Lv. - Indianapolis.	- AR.	5.00 "	3.41 "

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Michigan Central Railway

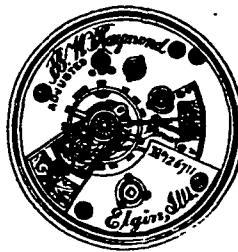
Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 25 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 55 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	8 10 p.m.
" Jackson - - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p.m.	2 37 "	4 50 a.m.	2 43 "	1 38 a.m.
" Niles - - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m. 6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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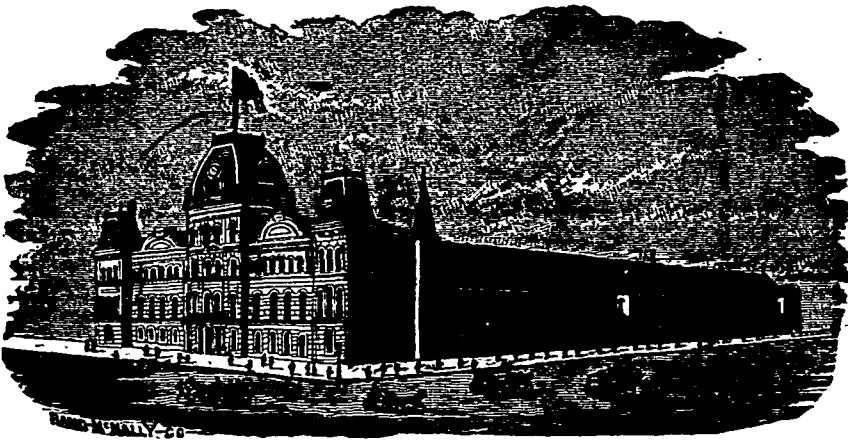
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.
11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.
9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.
12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.
6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6. a. m.
5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.
9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.
1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.
4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.		2	4	6	8	20
		MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic. Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....	Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing.....	"	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "
Miller's.....	"	9 10 "	12 05 a.m.
Chesterton.....	"	9 32 "	12 32 "
Otis.....	"	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "
Laporte.....	Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "
Laporte.....	Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend.....	"	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka.....	"	11 15 "	9 20 "	2 35 "
Elkhart.....	Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo.....	"	5 25 p.m.	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland.....	"	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo.....	"	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York.....	"	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston.....	"	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.

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